

# The Mirror

OF

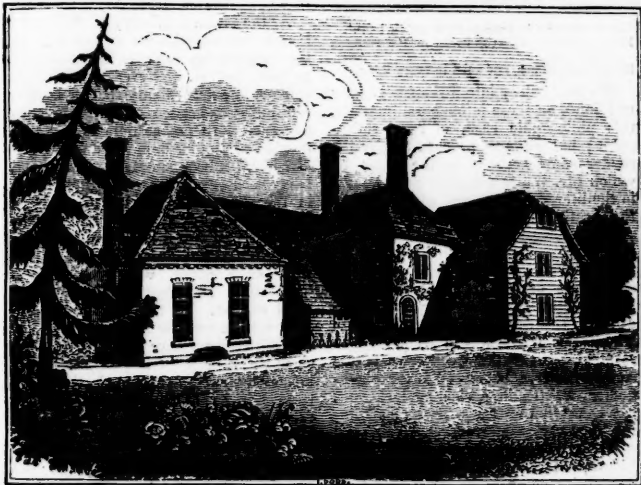
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 457.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1830.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Birthplace of the Rev. Gilbert White,



SELBORNE, HANTS.

EVERY reader of Nature—in book or bower—folio or field—must have heard of *Gilbert White's Natural History of Selborne*. Few works have been more frequently quoted by writers on the natural history of our country, and fewer still have enjoyed so well-earned a reputation as the above. The birthplace of its author is, therefore, a place of no common interest, and well deserves to rank among the original houses of native genius and philosophy.

In the last edition of his works we have the following biographical sketch of his life, perhaps the only one extant: "Gilbert White was the eldest son of John White of Selborne, Esq., and of Anne, the daughter of Thomas Holt, rector of Streatham, in Surrey. He was born at Selborne, on July 18, 1720, and received his school education at Basingstoke, under the Rev. Thomas Warton, vicar of that place, and father of those two distinguished literary characters, Dr. Joseph Warton, master of Winchester school, and Mr. Thomas Warton, poetry professor at Oxford. He was

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admitted at Oriel College, Oxford, in December, 1739, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1743. In March, 1744, he was elected Fellow of his College. He became Master of Arts in October, 1746, and was admitted one of the senior Proctors of the University in April, 1752. Being of an unambitious temper, and strongly attached to the charms of rural scenery, he early fixed his residence in his native village, where he spent the greater part of his life in literary occupations, and especially in the study of Nature. This he followed with patient assiduity, and a mind ever open to the lessons of piety and benevolence, which such a study is so well calculated to afford. Though several occasions offered of settling upon a college living, he could never persuade himself to quit the beloved spot, which was indeed a peculiarly happy situation for an observer. Thus his days passed tranquil and serene, with scarcely any other vicissitudes than those of the seasons, till they closed at a mature age on June 26, 1793."

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Mr. White was, as the reader will perceive, a home-philosopher. His life was one of useful retirement. His pursuits were a refinement of the shepherd's philosophy in *As you like it*, whose greatest pride was to see his ewes graze, and his lambs suck. He might, too, say with the Duke in the Forest of Arden—

—this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

We could stray into a rhapsody, long and loud, on these intellectual pursuits, this philosophic ease, of rural retirement; but we must proceed to give the reader some account of the work by which Mr. White was principally known in the literary world, and which renders the rustic abode at Selborne of such peculiar interest.

Mr. White appears to have written the *Natural History of Selborne* at the suggestion of Mr. Pennant, the Hon. Daines Barrington, and several distinguished contemporary naturalists, with whom Mr. White was in frequent correspondence. "The work consists of a series of letters, addressed to these gentlemen, written in a clear and elegant, yet somewhat popular, style; containing very varied information upon most subjects connected with the Natural History of the age, and is rather the description of an extensive district than of a particular spot or village. It was first printed in 1789, four years previous to the author's death, in a quarto volume, containing besides an account of the antiquities of Selborne. Copies of the work becoming scarce and expensive, it was reprinted, in two octavo volumes, in 1802, chiefly under the superintendence of Dr. Aikin, and some of Mr. White's friends. It was again reprinted in 1825." In the later editions, the "Antiquities" are omitted, and their place is supplied by "The Naturalist's Calendar, and Miscellaneous Observations," which had been originally published in a small volume after the author's death. These, with some papers on subjects connected with natural history, and published in various transactions of learned societies, with some poems, are all his writings that have ever been printed.

The *Natural History of Selborne* has, however, been till very recently only suited to the pockets of liberal book buyers, the cheapest edition having hitherto been sold at 16s. or 18s. Towards the close of last year, however, another reprint appeared (at 3s. 6d.) as

a volume of *Constable's Miscellany*, with the advantages of the editorship of Sir William Jardine, Bart. F. R. S. &c. who has included extracts from the author's *Miscellaneous Observations*, which are occasionally given as notes, with such additional Memoranda as modern discoveries and the advanced state of knowledge rendered necessary.\*

As the *Natural History of Selborne*† is now purchaseable at so easy a price, we need not say more to recommend it to our readers. Nevertheless, it is somewhat extraordinary that its literary reputation and success from its first appearance have not stimulated the production of similar descriptions of other districts. The example has, however, lately been followed, though not closely, in the *Journal of a Naturalist*, by an ingenious gentleman named Knapp, who has thus produced a history of the natural year in a pleasant village in the west of England, where he resides. This work has already passed into a third edition. In the preface the author with an amiable modesty, says

"Many years have now passed away since we were presented with that very interesting and amusing book, the '*Natural History of Selborne*;' nor do I recollect any publication at all resembling it having since appeared. It early impressed on my mind an ardent love for all the ways and economy of nature, and I was thereby led to the constant observance of the rural objects around me. Accordingly, reflections have arisen, and notes been made, such as the reader will find them. The two works do not, I apprehend, interfere with each other. The meditations of separate naturalists in fields, in wilds, in woods, may yield a similarity of ideas; yet the different aspects under which the same things are viewed, and characters considered, afford infinite variety of description and narrative: mine I confess are but brief and slight sketches; plain observations of nature, the produce often of intervals of leisure and shattered health, affording no history of the country; a mere outline of rural things; the journal of a traveller through the inexhaustible regions of nature."

\* The selection of this work is highly complimentary to the judgment of the editor of *Constable's Miscellany*; but it has been matched by the *Family Library* editor reprinting *Southey's Life of Nelson* in his series.

† The parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex, and not far from the county of Surrey: is about fifty miles south west of London, in latitude 51, and near midway between the towns of Alton and Petersfield.—Part I. Letter I.

## I AM THINE.

I AM thine where the lights of the banquet glow  
O'er the gem-wreath'd hair of the guests below—  
Where the lute is touch'd, and the wine is pour'd:  
Yes! I am thine at the banquet-board!

I am thine where the pennons are toss'd on high,  
And the trumpet proclaims that the strife is  
nigh;

Lo! how the crests with their white plumes  
glance,—

I am thine with the wreath on my shining lance!

I am thine where the battle's dark tide is driven,  
Like storm clouds o'er the starlit heaven;  
Weep not—the sword to its hilt is red!

I am thine with the victors, or with the dead!

I am thine!—in the shade of the cypress tree  
Let thy beautiful eyes give their light to me.  
Here shall the hero await his doom,  
And here shall the roses spring o'er his tomb!

Deal.

G. R. C.

## THE CALL TO BATTLE.

"The city arises in beauty and tears  
At the tramp of her troops, and the flash of her  
spears." *Rudecki by I. A. Shea.*

HUNTER! awake—awake—

A glorious grave is thine;

Go, like the stormy lake

O'er the tempest-riven pine.

Sword!—it is at thy side,—

Plume!—it is o'er thy brow;

Aud Fame shall be thy deathless bride;—

Then on to battle now!

Soldier!—away—away—

The thrilling trumpet sounds;

And, to thine ears, its lay

Is more wild than horn or hounds.

Like eagles darting bright

From the mountain's lofty brow,

The warriors' glancing plumes unite;

Then on to battle now!

Lord of the proud domain,

The splendid palace-hall,—

There are lips that will complain

O'er their valiant leader's fall.

Around thee pennons gleam,

Beside thee drums resound;

But ere the sunset's pageants beam,

Thy crest shall touch the ground!

Hunter! thou'rt called away—

A bloody grave is thine!

Soldier! the torch's ray

O'er thy midnight bier shall shine!

Noble! the pennons gleam

Around thee like a flame;

But Death shall quench thy brightest dream!

Such are the hopes of Fame!

Deal.

G. R. C.

*Importunate Authors.*—I am plagued  
with bad authors in verse and prose, who  
send me their books and poems, the  
vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given  
their names to my man, never to let them  
see me.—*Swift.*

## Manners &amp; Customs of all Nations.

## CAMBRIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

(From a volume of that title now in the  
course of publication, by our esteemed  
correspondent, W. H.)

## FAIRY TALE, OR GULLIVERIAN STORY.

THE superstitious Giraldus, of Cambrian  
notoriety, related that a priest named  
Elidar, living about the year 1200, tes-  
tified several times to the then Bishop  
of St. David's, that when he was ten  
years of age, and accustomed to go to  
school, growing, like most boys of his  
age, fonder of diversion than hic, hoc,  
he absconded; and to screen himself  
from the power of his preceptor, took  
shelter in a cave near the sea shore,  
where he had not long remained before  
two little beings about two spans high,  
made their appearance, and informed  
him, that if he would follow them, he  
should enjoy as much felicity as his  
heart court desire. Upon repeated so-  
licitations, he accepted their kind in-  
vitation, and followed them. After pro-  
ceeding a short distance, they arrived  
at a small aperture in a meadow,  
through which they descended into the  
bowels of the earth, and after  
travelling a little way through a region,  
"dark as the raven's dark wing," a  
beautiful and pleasant country burst  
open to their view, replenished with de-  
lightful fields, trees, and rivers; in fact,  
it was a perfect Elysium, but was not  
furnished with as much light as the  
great world they had just quitted. The  
pigmy who inhabited this nether  
world, he related, were very numerous,  
yellow haired, and of the size of his  
conductors; their chief diversion was  
riding on their rosinantes, which to him  
appeared like hares, compared to our  
steeds. Their aliment was milk and  
roots, they neither cursed nor swore, paid  
the strictest adherence to truth, and  
hated nothing worse than a falsehood;  
after paying visits to the earth, which  
they frequently did *ad libitum*, they al-  
ways expressed their abhorrence and  
disgust at our mode of living. Elidar  
dwelt with them a considerable time,  
and became so much in favour, that they  
appointed him playfellow and companion  
to the son of their monarch, whose most  
frequent amusement was bowling on a  
green with golden bowls; he was at  
length permitted by them to visit his  
mother, to whom he related all the par-  
ticulars respecting this enchanting coun-  
try, and of the enormous quantum of  
gold and treasures which the puny folks

possessed ; at this the old lady "pricked up her ears" and desired him to endeavour to purloin some of the bowls, and bring with him on his next visit ; in obedience to the maternal injunction, he seized the first opportunity, and was just approaching his mother's door with his unlawful treasure, when two of the Lilliputians overtook him, and deprived him of them. This caused him considerable uneasiness, when thinking to crave their pardon, he proceeded to the opening which led to this "delightful land of fairy," but alas ! he could not discover it, for it was closed upon him for ever !

#### TRADITION.

IN Pembrokeshire there is a famous tradition, of which Giraldus speaks in his work, respecting a stone which was supposed to be miraculous, and denominated Lechlaver, or the speaking stone. It is a fine marble stone, under which the river Alyn runs, and is used as a substitute for a bridge ; it was said that whenever a dead body was borne over it, it invariably spoke, and that in one of its efforts by overstraining, it cracked, which crevice is still to be seen. It is also related that when Henry II. after his return from Ireland, was proceeding to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. David, a Welsh woman fell down at his feet, and complained of a Bishop of St. David's ; but his majesty not paying much attention to her, she exclaimed with vehement gesticulations, "Avenge us this day, Lechlaver, avenge us and the nation in this man," referring to a prediction of Merlin's, that a King of England and conqueror of Ireland, should be wounded by a person with a red hand, and die upon Lechlaver, on his return through St David's. It is needless to add, the event did not occur.

#### CORPSE CANDLES.

ALMOST every nation has its peculiar superstitions, and as regards corpse candles, they are universally known to be indigenous to Cambria. As may be supposed, there are many fictitious tales respecting them, for doubtless were a Will o' the Wisp seen, it would be instantly set down for a corpse candle. It appears that these lights are always observed to veer their course towards the churchyard, which they enter, and after hovering over the spot where the destined victim of death is to be buried, disappear ; the light varies in brilliancy and size according to the person whose doom it is to leave the world : thus an infant's would not be

larger than a candle, whilst a child's "of the larger growth" would be of a proportionate size. The colour is said to be a sulphureous blue, and sometimes red. If two are seen to meet each other, the corpses at the burials will do the same, and if seen to stay a short time, the funeral will do so ; and should any persons meet one of these supernatural lights, it is said that if they do not turn aside they will be struck down by its force. The reason of their appearing in Wales, report says, is because a Bishop of St. David's, in days of yore, prayed that they might be seen before a person's death, in order to impress the minds of people that they might be fitted to depart to another world.

### Retrospective Cleanings.

SCRAPS RELATING TO ANCIENT LORD-  
MAYORS OF LONDON, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

KING RICHARD the First, A. D. 1189, first changed the bailiffs of London into mayors.

The first maior (says Stowe,) was Henry Fitz-Alwyn, draper, who continued maior for 24 yeares and somewhat more. In the yeere 1208, the king, by his letters patent, granted to the citizens of London liberty and authority, yeerely to chuse themselves a maior.

In 1241, Gerard Bat was againe elected maior for that yeere to come, but the king would not admit him, being charged with taking money of the victuallers in the precedent yeere.

In 1251, the king granted that the maior should be presented to the barons of the Exchequer, and they should admit him.

In 1357, Henry Picard, maior, feasted the kings of England, of France, Cyprus, and Scots, with other great estates, all in one day. Stowe tells us in his *Annals*, "The King of Cyprus playing with Picard, in his hall, did winne of him fiftie markes ; but Henry being very skilful in that arte, altering his hand, did after winne of the same king the same fiftie markes, which when the same king began to take in ill part, although he dissembled the same, Henry sayd unto him, 'My lord and king, be not agreed, I covet not your gold but your play ; for I have not bid you hither that I might greeve you, but that amongst other things, I might trie your play ;' and gave him his money

again, plentifully bestowing of his own amongst the retinue; besides, he gave many rich gifts to the king, and other nobles and knights which dined with him, to the great glorie of the citizens of London in those days."

In 1454, Sir John Norman, maior, was the first that was rowed by water to Westminster. For joy whereof the watermen made a song in his prayse, beginning

"Row thy boate Norman."

He caused a barge to be built at his owne charge, and every company had several barges well decked and trimmed, to passe along with him. The aldermen (before) rode by land on horseback to Westminster, early, and visited the toms in the abbey.

In 1520, the maiors began to be knighted by courtesie of the king.

In 1556, when Sir William Garret was maior, sever aldermen dyed in London in lesse than ten months.

In 1557, Sir Thomas Offley first ordained the night bellman.

In 1564, when Sir John White was maior, there was no feast, by reason of the plague.

In 1610, when Sir Thomas Cambell was maior, the shews long left off, were now revived againe by order from the king.

In 1617, Sir John Leman was the second bachelor maior; the first was John Matthew, in 1491. P. T. W.

#### MAGNIFICENT CITY FEASTS.

(For the Mirror.)

In January, 1644, the city gave a splendid entertainment at Merchant Taylors' Hall, to both houses of parliament, the Earls of Essex, Warwick, and Manchester, with other lords, the Scotch commissioners, and the principal officers of the army. The company assembled at "Sermon, in Christ Church, Newgate-street, and thence went on foot to the hall." The lord-mayor and aldermen led the procession; and as they went through Cheapside, on a scaffold, many Popish pictures, crucifixes, and superstitious relics were burnt before them." This entertainment (says Brayley) was given in consequence of the discovery of a design to read a letter from the king at a common-hall, the obvious tendency of which was to destroy the prevailing unanimity of the citizens in favour of the parliament.

On the 19th of June, 1645, both houses of parliament were magnificently entertained by the citizens, in Grocers' Hall, on occasion of the decisive vic-

tory obtained by Fairfax and Cromwell, over the king's army at Naseby; "and after dinner they sang the 46th Psalm, and so parted."

On the 7th of January, 1649, the lord-mayor and common-council gave a splendid entertainment to the house of commons, and principal officers of the army, at Grocers' Hall, in commemoration of the late suppression of the Levellers.

In February, 1653, Cromwell dined with the corporation of the city, at Grocers' Hall, and the entertainment was conducted with regal splendour; on this occasion Cromwell exercised one of the functions of a sovereign, by conferring the honour of knighthood on the lord-mayor.

On Lord-Mayor's Day, 1677, the sovereign, with his Queen, the Duke of York, and his two daughters, Mary and Anne, the Prince of Orange, and most of the nobility were sumptuously feasted by the citizens in Guildhall, in testimony of the general satisfaction of the nation, at the recent marriage (on November the 4th,) of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Mary.

On Lord-Mayor's day, 1689, their majesties accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and both houses of parliament, were sumptuously entertained at Guildhall.

On Lord-Mayor's day, 1727, the royal family, with all the great officers of state, and a numerous train of nobility and foreign ministers, were entertained by the citizens at Guildhall; on which occasion his majesty ordered £1,000. to be paid to the sheriffs, for the relief of insolvent debtors. The whole expense of the feast amounted to about £4,890. P. T. W.

In the explanation of "York and Lancaster," at page 285, of our No. 455, the reference should be to Henry VI. Part I. Act II. Scene 5.—for which correction we thank an old subscriber.—TYPE.

## The Selector;

AND

### LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

ANNUALS FOR 1831.

WE give a spice of pathos and humour from "*Friendship's Offering*" and the *New Comic Annual*; so that our extracts may be said to be of "smiles, and sighs, and tears." The special merits of these and similar volumes stand over for our customary Supplements from the *Annuals*:

## THE DREAM OF THE SEVENTH SON.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

## I.

"THREE times thy red lip kissed the cup,  
Three times I drained it dry,  
At every pledge thy beauty seemed  
To shine more gloriously—

"I had no fear for God above,  
No care for man below,  
In this lone room, at that still hour,  
Lay all my weal or wo—

"In this lone room, at that still hour,  
Thy lily hand in mine,  
We made a vow, unblessed of Heaven,  
Unwitnessed at its shrine—

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thy words are wild, as is the wind  
That sweeps the billowy sea—  
Thou hast a grim and ghastly look,  
What spirit works in thee?

\* \* \* \* \*

"I told thee, girl, how softly sleep  
Descended on my brow;  
Of that which followed afterwards  
I am to tell thee now.

## II.

"I stood upon a pleasant hill,  
Which overlooks the home  
I once called mine, before I learned  
From my own land to roam—

"I felt like one who has returned  
From exile o'er the deep,  
Who will not smile until he knows  
He has no cause to weep.

"It was high summer noon, the sun,  
O'er the sweet sylvan world,  
The banner of his majesty  
Most gorgeously unfurled.

"In all my days, I never saw  
The mountains seem so near,  
Or town and tower, wood, lake, and stream  
So vividly appear—

"Yet, far or near, I could not mark  
The form of living thing,  
By forest, flood, or field, not even  
An insect on the wing!

"A sultry silence reigned around,  
Unbroken by a breath,  
As it had been a paradise,  
Of which the lord was Death!

"The garden that my sister loved,  
With flowers and fruit-trees fair,  
Bloomed brighter than in by-gone times—  
But Mary was not there!

"The orchard where my grey-haired sire  
Retired in summer's heat,  
Flung its broad shadows o'er the grass—  
But 'twas not his retreat!

"I was the youngest son of seven,  
The rest remained behind,  
To till the ground and tend the flocks—  
Yet none my eye could find!

"Not one of all that goodly band,  
Who prized the lightsome air  
Of their youth's haunts like life itself,  
Could I see anywhere.

"I left the hill—I quickly passed  
The meadow and the lane;  
Our own old hall was darkened with  
My shadow once again!

## III.

"The shadow of his youngest son  
Darkened my father's hall—  
It was the only thing that might  
The dream of life recall,  
The sole thing left to mourn with me,  
My kindred vanished all!

"There swept a sickness o'er my soul—  
A sickness without name;  
God! 'twas a fearsome sight to see  
All household forms the same,  
Save that the place was tenantless,  
And on the hearth no flame.

"I had been happy to have heard  
The dog bark as of yore!  
I could have blessed a little mouse  
For sporting on the floor!

"I bent me o'er my father's bed,  
His night gear still was there,  
And many an antique ornament  
My mother used to wear.

"I call'd on each beloved one,  
None answered me again—  
I prayed that storms might rise and break  
The stillness; but in vain!

"Through the barred lattice of the room  
Entered the shimmering sun,  
And settled where my sire of old  
Made frequent orison.

"'Twas a tall chair of polished oak,  
And on its seat there lay  
The holy book the good man read,  
Devoutly, every day:

"'Twas open where the names of all  
Our house inscribed had been;  
I took it up, in haste, to note  
What changes were therein—

"Wee and despair! Death's dismal seal  
Marked every name but mine,  
And it avenging Heaven had stamped  
With a heart-withering sign.

"I dashed the blessed book to earth—  
I staggered to the bed—  
My body battled with my soul—  
I knew that I was dead.

## IV.

"It was as if a voice had cried,  
'Let him and his appear!'  
I felt it so, although no sound  
Commanding did I hear.

"And, instantly, I stood before  
The awful judgment seat,  
Where Adam's sin-bewildered race  
Their last award shall meet.

"Within was light, fierce light, as of  
Ten thousand suns in one;  
Though freed from earthly bonds, its power  
I could not choose but shun.

"The outward space was dark, death-dark,  
No object blessed the sight,  
Save an old man, who stood with all  
His household on the right—

"O not with all! One son of seven  
Gloomed on the left alone—  
His sole eye reflecting not  
The glory of God's throne—

"His the sole ear that greeted not  
The mystic thunder note,  
Which through Eternity's dim halls  
On silence seemed to float—

"'Twas the dread charge, omnipotent,  
To show what we had been  
Ere closed our dying lids upon  
Earth's transitory scene.

"For every form arose a form,  
A mirror of the past,  
And each shone wondrous beautiful  
And happy, save the last.

"That was a damned sulphur shape,  
A record of the times  
In which the loathsome clay had marred  
My spirit by its crimes.

"It seared my soul with agony,  
A hopelessness and shame—  
The woe, my girl!—the curse still clings  
Unto this fainting frame!

## V.

"To melody, deep melody,  
They passed in light away;  
I to abide in endless night,  
They in eternal day.

"In vain I called—the youngest born—  
On my mild-featured mother,  
My patient sire, my sister kind,  
And every dear-loved brother.

"Away—away—they passed away—  
Gazing with soft, bright faces  
On him who ne'er might follow them  
To their appointed places.

"To part from lover, or from friend  
Or kindred, is severe  
To the distracted sojourner  
In this uncertain sphere;

"But O! the anguish infinite,  
In torture doomed to sever  
From all we love, without a hope  
That we shall meet them ever!

"'Twas thus with me—and yet not thus—  
For I had still a mate,—  
I could have borne my doom, perchance,  
Had I been desolate—

"I could have suffered any thing  
But that—I see it now—  
As I'm a man, I think I see  
Hell's brand upon thy brow;

"Full many a fathom deep, my girl,  
In guilt's black tide we've been—  
Last night I bore the punishment,  
Last night I shared the sin.

"Dream that the honey of our hearts  
Is turn'd to fellest gall—  
Dream that our vows are curses, dire  
As ever fiend let fall.

"Fancy my frame a cankered thing,  
A foul and festering sore—  
And thou a folded snake, that gnaws  
Endurance to the core—

"And then—O no!—not even then—  
Couldst thou the tithe discover  
Of that which came last night to blast  
The slumbers of thy lover!"

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SIDE FAMILY.

"*Sablimi feriam sidera vertice.*"—HOR.

"THE Side family are of very high antiquity. Our earliest progenitor was collaterally related to Adam, and had the honour to be father-in-law to that distinguished individual. At this day, so extended is our connexion, that one or other of us is always at the prime minister's elbow; and the king himself, God bless him, never stirs without one of us under each arm. For we are upon record as most pertinacious hangers on, ever since the time of the Phœnician merchants, who colonized us from Tyre and Sidon.

"There are good and bad in all families—a mingled yarn, as Shakspeare has it. I suppose it was owing to our ancestress Eve's original slip, that in parlour polemics the fault is always laid to us; it being regularly pronounced by both parties to be all on one side. Before the Conquest, we boasted of royal affinity in the person of Edmund Ironside,

whose descendant, Nestor Ironside, appointed himself guardian to all the minors in England. One of this branch was attached to a certain General Buonaparte, whom he assisted in turning the world upside down. His immediate posterity, as might have been expected, from such a parentage, are a couple of notorious scoundrels, most paternally acquainted with whipping-posts and prisons—Commons-Side and Debtors-Side, the first of whom is an incorrigible cribbage player, while the latter gets into every tradesman's books from Piccadilly to Pie-Corner. These slippery personages will not own kindred with Under-Side, who has gone wonderfully down in the world; and in their turn they are disclaimed by Upper-Side, a snug old fellow, who would not give sixpence to save the twain of them from the gallows.

"In-Side and Out-Side are both men of letters; the former is a universal correspondent, and the latter is distinguished by his particular address. They have made so much money in the travelling line—In-Side by publishing his tours, and Out-Side by driving the mail—that each has got into Parliament; where the main business has ever since been to turn In-Side out. They met there a brace of cousins, Right-Side, who was returned for the borough of Suppleton, and Wrong-Side, who represents the county town of Oldways. The former, after voting against a certain question through the last twenty years, voted for it the other day, and retained his office; the latter stuck to his opinions, and lost

\* \* \* [Here the MS. is blotted so as to be quite illegible.—*Printer's Devil.*]

\* a pair of Londoners among us, respectable folks enough in their way: Bank-Side, who occupies a whole quay near Blackfriars; and Cheap-Side, who cuts calicoes somewhere about St. Paul's. The magnates of the family are not over fond of those gentry, though each of them has very lately been Lord Mayor, I assure you. We are, however, prodigiously fond of Broad-Side and Along-Side; two worthy Admirals, without whose services, we flatter ourselves, Nelson would have done but small service at Trafalgar. They were equally busy at Algiers with one Sir Edward, who was created Lord Exmouth; and at Navarin with the other Sir Edward, who has not been created Lord Anything. The old lads are at present rustivating with their cousin Sea-Side; who, by the by, complains sadly of his retirement being disturbed every summer by loungers and ladies. It would be pleasanter, he



says, to be shut up at home with a body's wife, looking out for squalls. They are, however, still more annoyed by a pair of dull prozers, called Sober-Sides, whom they cannot persuade to relish grog or flip; so they occupy themselves with preparing a new edition of their works, which may perhaps be published ere long under royal patronage. It is odd, however, that they should agree almost as ill with their honest kinsman, Fire-Side, whose domestic qualities and warm feelings recommend him to every Briton, being quite a family man, and never giving his visitors a cold reception. The sailors, to be sure, are out of their element in his company; yet if an enemy were to give them the slip, and venture upon his territories, how he would fight *pro aris et focis*!

"Our vanity is somewhat abated in Counsellor Either-Side, whose practice was double that of any other Westminster Blue Bag. He had an ancestor who was executed in Greece, under the statute of Neutrality, 2nd Solon, chap. 5, section 42. This unlucky gentleman's name was Neither-Side.

"A-Side was a celebrated actor, whose mode of delivery gave occasion to the phrase—a playhouse whisper. Alderman Left-Side was of a peculiarly hearty constitution; but Governor Right-Side (not the member) was notorious for a bad liver—thanks to his East India residence. He died at Cheltenham, under the care of Mother Bed-Side: a very experienced matron, who had attended the clinical lectures of Surgeon Heavy-Side. His rupees went to his nephews, Weak-Side and Blind-Side. There is honest old Rough-Side, who never told a lie or said a civil thing in his life: whereby you may safely infer him to be one of our poor relations: the opposite in all points of Bobby Smooth-Side, who never uttered a truth beyond the fact of a fine day, or contradicted a customer. Bob has sneaked himself into an alderman's gown, is a great man at public meetings, and tags M.P. to his name. Dark-Side and Bright-Side are his worship's humble imitators, and almost as illustrious at the small clubs; where the first will persuade you that the empire is about to be blown up by gas and steam, and the second, that beer is going to be a penny a pot. These gentlemen are almost as eloquent, in their way, as the illustrious orator who used to travel about Westmorland, crying 'Ye men of Ambleside!'

"We have some illegitimate slips amongst us, who must in all candour be mentioned: Side-Curls, a journey-

man hair-dresser at Macalpine's; Sides-Bone, a tailor's apprentice who is always to be found in the Poultry; Side-Scene, a call-boy at the Coburg; Side-Board, who is butler to a bishop; and Side-Table, who is his lordship's chaplain. Neither must Sides-Man be forgotten, the deputy-churchwarden of St. Omibus, who has grown fatter than the rector himself, upon vestry feeding.—Then there is that puppy, Side-Look, cocking his eternal eye-glass, and squinting like the Saracen's head—Side-Box and Side-Saddle, too, a brace of dandies, who fancy the ladies cannot show a nose in the Haymarket without them. As for Side-Blow, Side-Ways, Side-Wind, and Side-Long, honest men will do wisely to keep them at a civil distance. The last of these worthies, an insinuating rascal! affects to pass for the son of our straight-forward friend Along-Side; but if the old gentleman comes up with him, he'll rectify his crabs-ancles, I warrant you.

"I wish those people would learn to spell, who assert Regicide, Parricide, and Suicide to be our relations, or that supple scoundrel Coincide.

"As to my own connexion with the Side family, I need tell neither my name nor quality, for the reader must have long since been satisfied that I am

"BE-SIDE MYSELF."

By the way, of the "smaller growth," we have received Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Juvenile Forget-me-not*, for which we have reserved a page in our next Number. We have as yet only glanced at the plates: one of them, the frontispiece, *Docility*, must rivet the interest of young and old.

We chanced to fall upon a pretty, if not novel simile of the mind to an album: we have never seen Locke's great moral position more tenderly illustrated:

#### FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

My gentle sister, let this leaf

A moral point, a lesson bear;

It may be prosing, dull as brief;

Yet *much* may be recorded there.

Mine is the power this page to fill

With stains, or words far worse than stains;

Yet be my language good or ill,

The tracing of my pen remains.

So with the mind—the stamp it takes

In youth, to age it will retain;—

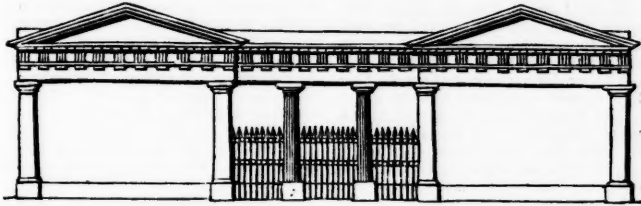
Then watch and pray for that which makes

An impress deep without a stain.

S. C. H.



## Low Hill Cemetery, Liverpool.



ENTRANCE GATE.

IN our last volume we inserted an original paper of some half-dozen columns, on the propriety of "Burying in Vaults," then a question of immediate interest. The arguments of the writer appeared to us as convincing as they were ingenious; and the importance attached to the subject drew forth another paper, by the same writer, "On crowded Churchyards, and a Metropolitan Cemetery." The above Cut, in connexion with the latter paper especially, is worthy of the reader's attention, inasmuch as it represents the very efficient furtherance of the writer's views.

The object of the Liverpool Cemetery, and the regulations adopted for its management may be thus briefly stated :

The new cemetery, called the "Low Hill General Cemetery," has been established by a number of persons of various religious faith and persuasions, with a view of altering the custom that has hitherto prevailed of interring the dead amidst a dense population; and also at the same time of giving that decency and retirement to the ceremony, and security against depredations, that is so peculiarly gratifying to surviving friends.

The cemetery contains about 24,000 superficial square yards. The form of the enclosure is an oblong square, secured by a thick brick wall, thirteen feet high.

The house of the registrar, and the chapel, are in the Grecian style of architecture, built after a design of Mr. John Foster, jun. of Liverpool. The front of the buildings and the adjoining wall are of cut stone. A border of ten feet wide, immediately adjoining the interior side of the wall, and surrounding

the whole ground, is set apart for an arcade, or colonnade, roofed with slate, and railed in by ornamental iron-work, set upon a stone plinth; this border will be used for tombs and any monumental inscription, tablet, or work of sculpture, that may be erected, will be placed against the wall at the head of the respective tombs.

The centre of the ground is appropriated to vaults and graves, laid out in regular order, and numbered according to a plan that may be seen at the registrar's office. Each corpse interred is regularly registered in the books of the institution.

The chapel will be at the service of such persons who may wish to use it; and any religious funeral ceremony may be performed in it by the minister, or other person chosen by the parties who may require its use, provided such ceremony is not an outrage upon the decencies of life, or offensive to civilized society; but, if the friends of the person to be interred prefer the ceremony being performed by the registrar of the cemetery, it is his duty to perform it, according to a prescribed form, which may be seen on application to him, and without any charge of fee for such performance; or, if preferred, the interment may be made without any form or religious rite.

Such part of the ground as is not immediately wanted for graves is planted with ornamental shrubbery, under the direction of Mr. Shepherd, Curator of the Botanic Garden.

For the purpose of greater security, a watchman will at all times of the night be upon the ground.

A committee will at all times have a superintending control, and will take care that nothing offensive, ludicrous, or

in evident bad taste, shall appear among the monumental inscriptions, or in any other way.

A system of the utmost liberality pervades the entire management of this cemetery; and it is hoped that no religious distinctions or prejudices may arise to prevent its being the earthly resting-place of those, who, for its security, or from other motives of preference, may be disposed to adopt it.\*

The Cemetery is the property of a public company; and the expense of the whole was at first stated at £8,000.

The funds of the company may be considered in a prosperous condition; the shares yielding 8½ per cent.

A Cemetery of this description has likewise been formed at Manchester, the shares in which yield 12½ per cent. At Cheltenham too, a similar project is mooted, and, sooner or later this salutary plan of interment will be adopted by the inhabitants of all large towns.

\* From the *Liverpool Kaleidoscope*.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 86.

*Volcanoes (continued).*

HERE is the promised continuation of our Notes. The reader must not suspect us of any *ruse* in placing Volcanoes, Earthquakes, and the State of Greece consecutively.

"One remarkable law characterizes the geographical distribution of points of volcanic eruption; namely, that they almost invariably occur in *linear trains*, stretching in some cases *across a third of the globe*. Such, for instance, is that which, beginning in the south of Chili, or rather at Cape Horn, if we believe the reports of burning mountains in Terra del Fuego and Patagonia, runs northwards in an uninterrupted chain through the Andes of Peru and Quito, and thence across the provinces of Pasto, Popayan, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and the plateau of Mexico, up to the northern extremity of the peninsula of California. If the west coast of North America were explored, we should probably find this linear series of volcanoes prolonged in that direction to unite with the yet more remarkable train which commences in the vicinity of Cook's Harbour, threads the whole length of the Aleutian Isles in an easterly direction for the space of a thousand miles, then turns southwards, and pursues an uninterrupted course of between sixty and seventy degrees of

latitude, through Kamskatchka, the Kurile, Japanese, Loochoo, Philippine isles, and the Moluccas, where it branches off in different directions towards the east and north-west. One line traverses Java and Sumatra, and turns northwards through the Andaman isles to the west coast of the kingdom of Ava; the other is prolonged across New Guinea into the Polynesian archipelago, which seems to be one vast theatre of igneous action, the greater number, if not all, of the islands being formed of coralline reefs, interstratified with or based upon volcanic rocks. Throughout the two great lines we have noticed, which, if they prove, as we suspect, to be continuous with each other, will be longer than *the whole circumference of the globe*, not only are there a vast number of volcanic apertures, which, within the last few years, have been in eruption, but the intervals are filled by strings of eminences evidently produced by similar phenomena, all of which have been, and many no doubt will again be, habitually active. Sometimes points of eruption are collected in groups, as those of Iceland, the Canaries, and the Azores; but as these are uniformly insular, and only, in fact, the summits of a group of submarine volcanic mountains, we cannot be certain that they do not form a part, the inosculation probably, of one or more lengthened trains, continued in the depths of the ocean, and not yet raised above its surface.

"One continuous eruption will frequently throw up a number of simple cones. Every considerable eruption is described as commencing with the splitting of the solid ground, and the production of a crevice prolonged sometimes many miles. The explosions, as well as the lava streams, then break out from one, or from several points on this great crack. Thus, in the eruption of Etna in 1811, seven cones were successively thrown up in a line from the summit nearly to the foot of the mountain. In 1536, twelve mouths opened one below the other, and threw out lava and scorix. In 1669, the whole flank of the mountain was split open, a wide fissure showing itself, twelve miles in length, from the top halfway to the base. This crevice is figured in the old engravings of Etna, and is reported to have emitted a vivid light, showing it to be filled to some height with incandescent lava. Two cones were formed upon it. These circumstances are not confined to the flanks of a volcanic mountain, but take place equally when the eruption breaks through horizontal strata. In 1730, the

island of Lancerote, one of the Canaries, was split by longitudinal fissures running the whole length of the island, from which so much matter was discharged during five successive years, as formed thirty cones, some of them six hundred feet high, and overwhelmed with a flood of lava nearly the entire island. The eruption of Jorullo, in 1759, threw up six cones upon one line in the middle of a flat plain. That of Skapta Jokul, in 1783, was accompanied by the outburst of three copious sources of lava in the plain, stretching from the foot of that mountain, about eight miles apart; while a fourth, on a continuation of the same line, but beneath the sea, created a new island, at a distance of thirty miles from the coast. The lava produced by the three inland vents alone covered a space of *one thousand square miles*, with a thick mass of solid rock. It is probable that many of the volcanic cones of Auvergne and the Velay, some hundreds of which are arranged in a linear chain, were the product of continuous eruptions. Such lengthened subterranean fissures do not always show themselves on the surface, the loose earth sinking into, and concealing them; and hence partial subsidences are usually observed along the line of volcanic orifices. Nor are they in general opened at once throughout their whole length, but prolonged by degrees, the first orifices becoming obstructed by the ejections and the consolidation of lava, so as to cause others to be burst in succession along the line of the original cleft. Analogy leads us to conclude, that the linear arrangement of the principal vents in a volcanic train or system, even when they stretch across half the globe, is owing to the same general cause as that of the secondary apertures, the creation, namely, of a fissure through the crust of the globe. The law already noticed, that the neighbouring volcanoes of a train or group are found in activity by turns, the one serving for a time as a vent for the energy of the whole district, is as true on the small as on the large scale, and is shown from a great body of concurrent facts, to have prevailed in ages preceding any historical records of eruptions, as well as since."

#### *Effects of Earthquakes at Sea.*

"The sea shares in the agitation of the solid earth. Ships feel every shock as if they had struck on a shoal, and loose articles lying on their decks are often thrown several feet into the air, showing the violence of the upward movement communicated to the water.

The sea often deserts the coast, and returns immediately in a terrific wave (that of Lisbon and the coast of Spain in 1755 was fifty feet high), which sweeps over the shore, and must leave lasting traces of its devastating power. It is probably caused by the sudden upheaving of a portion of the bed of the sea, the first effect of which would be to raise a body of water over the elevated part, its momentum carrying it much above the level it would afterwards assume, and causing a draught or receding of the water from the neighbouring coasts, immediately followed by the return of the displaced water, which will be also impelled by its momentum much further and higher on the coast than its former level. The undulatory shocks of the earthquake of 1755 travelled over sea and land at the rate of twenty miles in a minute, as appears from the interval between the time when the first shock was felt at Lisbon, and that of its occurrence at distant places, in the West Indies, Scotland, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and North Africa. The earthquake felt at Conception in 1750 uplifted the bed of the sea to the height of twenty-four feet at the least, and it seems probable that the adjoining coast shared in the elevation, for an enormous bed of shells, of the same species as those now living in the bay, is seen raised above high-water-mark along the beach. These shells, as well as others which cover the adjoining hills of mica-schist, to the height even of fifteen hundred feet, have been identified with some taken at the same time in a living state from the bay. There is, therefore, every reason to conclude, that the whole extent of this coast, so often visited by severe earthquakes, has suffered a very great amount of elevation within an exceedingly recent period."

#### *Prince Leopold and the sovereignty of Greece.*

"We can easily conceive that the singular concurrence of circumstances which combine to make his position in this country one of almost overpowering ennui, would also make him fancy himself ready to exchange it for any prospect—while that prospect was distant—of manly enterprise and generous adventure. The very estimable qualities which distinguish him must contribute to make him weary of the at once cloying and unsatisfactory advantages of his present station. He is neither rake nor gamester: he has too much virtue for vicious occupations—too much understanding for very frivolous ones; but (it

would be disparagement of few men to add) apparently not quite virtue nor understanding enough for great and exalted action. In truth, neither nature nor art seems to have formed his royal highness for a paladin. He is respectable, highly respectable; but there seems to be nothing romantic, much less heroic, in his composition. Although, therefore, he may have gratified his imagination, as well as soothed a very natural self-complacency, by contemplating the *coming* crown, yet, when the crown was actually come, and turned out, after all, not what a crown should be—a congeries of costliest gems, set on a well-wadded bonnet of velvet—but a plain hard circlet of biting steel; when such a crown as this was come, and it was time for its wearer to go, it was quite another affair. In truth, we cannot help, picturing to ourselves the sovereign elect of Greece, ruminating on the arrangements of his future court—balancing the rival pretensions of blue, and scarlet, and green, for the uniform of his guards, or devising some amiable project for the improvement of his subjects, and the fair reputation of himself, in one of the saloons of Marlborough House, or amidst the groves and lawns of Claremont. His reverie is interrupted by the announcement of dispatches from his new sovereignty: he breaks the seal with as much eagerness and alacrity as even a sedate and well-regulated mind may allow itself to feel at the sight of such a communication—when, traced by the well-known hand of Count Capo d'Istria, his eye glances over the following appalling paragraph:

“I beg permission once more to express to your Royal Highness the hopes which I entertain, that it may be your determination to come to Greece as soon as possible.”.....“From the moment of your Highness’s accepting the *immense task of fulfilling the destinies of Greece*, the means of commencing this great work under happy auspices are only to be found in your own hands. You cannot, mon Prince, entrust it to other hands without weakening their power, and rendering it ineffective;—moreover, the establishment of the boundaries cannot fail to subject Greece to a *serious crisis*. Why should not your Royal Highness seize this first opportunity to give her an earnest of the paternal feeling with which you are animated in her behalf, and of the sacrifices which your Royal Highness is resolved to make for her welfare? If I have made any progress in the good opinion of this people, if they

continue to give me proofs of their sincere and unlimited confidence, it is because they see me constantly *sharing in person their miseries and their sufferings*, with the sole object of alleviating them. It is *during the bivouac*, it is *under the wretched shelter of a hut*—no matter what the inclemency of the seasons, what my age and my infirmities—that the people and the soldiery have often discoursed with me upon their interests, that they have learnt to know me, and that I have been able to inspire them with a feeling of what they owe to themselves, to their government, and to the civilized world. I will venture to tell you, mon Prince, that it is by this first test that the Greeks will judge you. If you present yourself to them as a great personage, unable to endure their poverty and their privations, instead of inspiring them with respect for you, you will voluntarily deprive yourself of the surest means of making an useful impression on their minds. The opportunity of making this first sacrifice is presented to you. Come, then, and assist in person at the difficult and painful operation of establishing the boundaries, and do not allow others to undertake them in your place.”

“The effect on his Royal Highness was galvanic—the conclusion inevitable. A dispatch was instantly sent to the Foreign Office, declining the perilous honours of a revolutionary sceptre, and devoting the remainder of his days to the more congenial duties of an exemplary brother.”

### Notes of a Reader.

#### THE CIVIL LIST.

DIPPING into one of the political articles of the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 33, we find the following unique account of the origin of the Civil List. The date is 1820, at the commencement of the late king’s reign, so that the extract possesses a kindred interest at this moment:

“The beginning of a new reign, as the reader probably knows, brings forward one of the most momentous subjects on which the representatives of the people can at any time be called to deliberate—the formation of the Civil List: that is, the arrangement of nearly the whole civil expenses of the country, including the charges of executing the laws at home, representing it abroad, and providing for the support, the dignity, and the splendour of the crown.—In the ancient times of the monarchy, the sovereign, who was rather the first of the feudal barons than the ruler of a

great people, derived his revenues chiefly from land vested in him as a great proprietor, and from certain occasional perquisites given to him for the better support of his office ; and, it may be added, that the services which his vassals were bound to perform in war, or to redeem with money, helped him mainly to defray its expenses. On extraordinary occasions, taxes were levied directly upon the subject ; but the bulk of the revenue was that which the king derived from his possessions and his prerogative, independent of any consent of parliament for raising it, and of any control in its expenditure. In return for the funds thus vested in the crown, it was bound to defray all the expenses of the state in peace and war ; and, while the hereditary revenues remained entire, and the feudal services belonged to them, the sovereigns of this country could well support this burthen. Repeated dilapidations, however, reduced the former in process of time ; and as the feudal scheme fell into disuse, the other great branch of the monarch's resources was lopt off also ; so that from time to time he was, happily for the liberties of the nation, compelled to ask supplies from parliament ; and by degrees, one after the other, all the great branches of public expenditure were transferred from the crown to the country.

"The sovereign being thus exonerated from his payments, it was natural to expect that he should also relinquish those funds which had been allotted to him to make those payments ;—that having no longer, for example, to pay the army and navy, he should no longer retain the perquisites of Admiralty and Prize which had been destined to support those services, but should transfer to the public, to whose shoulders he had shifted the burthen, those profits which are inseparably connected with it. This part of the process, however, was altogether omitted. Notions of right and prerogative were conveniently enough introduced. The king was said to have those branches of revenue by a high title, and that they were inherent in the crown by virtue of his royal prerogative ; no account being taken of the material circumstance, that, while so possessed by the crown, they had been burthened with disbursements now undertaken by the state. However, things were suffered to go on in this unfair and unsatisfactory manner for a long course of years. Several attempts, no doubt, were made to arrange matters equitably and amicably between the parties. As soon as parliament began to show a due jea-

lousy of the executive, and a proper vigilance over the public purse, the nature of these hereditary revenues came to occupy their attention ; but rather with a view to their vexatious origin, than their large amount. The worst of the whole, *wardship*, or the king's right of seizing or granting the guardianship and estates of infants—*purveyance*, or the power of seizing cattle, carriages, and provisions for the royal household—and the various feudal incidents of tenure by knights' service, were so extremely oppressive, that the full exercise of them could not be borne ; and even a mitigated exercise was wholly destructive of liberty. Early in James the First's reign, we accordingly find a treaty entered into between the parliament and the crown, by which a commutation was intended to be stipulated ; and the learned, ingenious, and indefeasible monarch estimated the value of his right by a sufficiently recondite process of calculation. He observed that there were nine muses, the patronesses of poets, who were always poor ; therefore, he must have more than nine score thousand pounds by the year, which the commons had tendered him : also, there were eleven apostles, deducting Judas, as unfit to be named among honourable contracting parties. Now it was plain that ten, the medium between the muses and apostles—even if it were not also the number of the commandments—ought to be the sum chosen. And to this the commons, moved by his majesty's great wit and solid judgment, assented. So that, had the treaty been concluded, he would have had 200,000*l.* a year, in lieu of the remaining feudal perquisites of the crown. Upon the restoration, in 1660, Charles the Second, desiring to gain the affections of his subjects, renewed the negotiation ; and the memorable act was passed, abolishing the court of wards, purveyance, &c. ; in return for which, an hereditary excise was settled on the sovereign, beside other grants, for his life ; out of which he was to defray both the charges of his household and family, and those of the civil government of the country. This is the first instance of anything like an arrangement of the civil list. In James the Second's reign, a similar provision was continued ; and in the reigns of William and Anne, a more regular plan was pursued, which has ever since been followed, of voting, at the accession of each sovereign, a certain yearly sum, to continue during the reign, to cover all the expenses of the royal household and family, and many of the charges con-

nected with the civil government of the country.

"In consideration of these grants for life, each succeeding sovereign has given up all claim to those branches of the separate property of the crown which are technically termed its *hereditary revenue*; that is, the crown lands, the hereditary excise, first granted in Charles the Second's time, in lieu of warding and purveyance, and the smaller branches arising from fines, &c. But, by some strange accident, very considerable branches of revenue, or perquisites *exactly of the same nature*, have been kept separate, and retained by the crown, notwithstanding the provision made by the country both for the household and for all the other branches of the public service, formerly supported out of those hereditary and separate funds. A new reign necessarily brings forward this question in all its bearings; and a new parliament as necessarily is summoned to form the plan for the king's life.

### The Anecdote Gallery.

#### FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1830.

GALIGNANT's "Narrative" of the commencement of this astounding affair has at length reached us. A literary friend at Paris told us about a month since that its editorship had been entrusted to Mr. Colton, the author of "Lacon," whose domiciliation at Paris, has yielded him many advantages for the task. It appears to us to be carefully executed; the narrative itself not being an *indigesta moles* of newspaper extracts, but a well-condensed and consecutive *train* of occurrences, with an appendix of state papers, documents, and anecdotes. We receive it as a kind of *Memoir pour servir*.

The most extractable portion is the anecdote supplement, of which we subjoin a few specimens:

At the commencement of the popular ebullition on Monday, July 26, the Palais Royal was thronged by men mounted upon chairs, surrounded by dense groups of listeners, who were attentively hearing the obnoxious Ordinances read to them. A gendarme, in the act of dismounting one of these orators, exclaimed, "Get about your business—you are sowing discord among the people." The individual holding up the Ordinance to the view of the man in office, replied, "I am only blowing the trumpet—if you dislike the notes,

settle the matter with those who composed the music."

M. Casimer Périer having learnt that some gendarmes were besieged by the populace in the hotel of the Prince de Polignac, sent his friend, Dr. Laberge, accompanied by M. Rollet, to endeavour to procure their release. These gentlemen upon gaining admission found the gendarmes concealed in an obscure retreat, in a most pitiable condition, being almost naked, as they had divested themselves entirely of their uniform. They were furnished with plain clothes, and let secretly out by a back door into the Rue des Capucines.

The major commanding the cuirassiers at the Place de Grève had a very providential escape. During the combat his horse was shot under him, and he fell, but thought it most prudent to remain quiet. After waiting for about an hour, the people succeeded in driving off the troops, and during the cessation the major thought it a good opportunity to gain some shelter. He was perceived by a party of the enraged populace, who instantly pursued him. He gained the open door of a house, rushed up stairs, and burst open a door upon the fifth story; it was a granary. He hastily divested himself of his helmet cuirass, coat, &c. and returned down stairs. At the door he met the party, who said that an officer had entered the house, and they were determined to have his life. The major assured them they were mistaken, that he was only a brigadier (a non-commissioned officer,) and was compelled to obey orders. This satisfied them, and he was allowed to pass. He afterwards threw himself on the compassion of the keeper of a wine shop in the neighbourhood, was accommodated with an apron, disguised, and placed behind the counter, where he remained until tranquillity being restored, he rejoined his family, whom he found mourning his loss, as he had been returned in the list of killed.

Three officers of superior rank having fallen during the combat in the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, by the fire kept up from the houses 78, 80, and 82, a party of artillery directed their vengeance upon them. Their battery consisted of twelve field pieces and two howitzers. The first cannon-shot directed against these devoted mansions destroyed the upper part of the roof; the second struck the corner; and the third passed through a wall which sup-



ported a large and heavy stack of chimneys. These shots having been so successful, they probably thought to batter the houses to the ground, and pointed a howitzer against the chimneys supported by the tottering wall. The shell struck one of the angles of the wall, made a considerable breach, and fell upon the already shattered roof, where it exploded, carrying away a great part of it. The second shell passing through three chimneys, fell in the last of them, and descended to the first floor, where it burst. A pier-glass was shivered to atoms, a partition thrown down, some wardrobes broken to pieces, and the two windows forced into the street, carrying with them the curtains and draperies. The attacks of the populace afterwards forced the troops to abandon the further bombardment of these houses.

In the midst of the fusillade at the Place de Grève, a working mason perceiving that a cornice of one of the pilasters of the Hotel de Ville, threatened to fall, and crush beneath it the citizens who were fighting, procured a ladder and some plaster, fixed it firmly, and then came down with as much coolness as if he had been pursuing his occupation in a time of the most profound peace.

The keeper of a wine shop, in the Rue des Canettes, received a ball, which passing through his breast, lodged near his shoulder. When it was extracted, he took up the ball, and kissing it, said, "Carry it to my wife, and tell her that I die for my dear country." In an hour after his prognostic was verified.

When the archbishop's palace was attacked by the people they did not at first commit any excesses, but their pacific disposition was altered when they found two barrels of powder and about one hundred daggers; the fury of the multitude at this discovery knew no bounds; they destroyed the splendid furniture and pictures, excepting a magnificent whole-length of Jesus Christ, which they respected with religious reverence. None of the movables were applied by the people to their own profit. Many valuables were thrown into the Seine; men were afterwards employed to dive, and several magnificent candelabra, rich crosses, &c. were picked up. The cellar was found most bountifully stored, to the great joy of the thirsty populace. A poor workman, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, principally attached himself to

the Bourdeaux Laffitte, of which he admired the form and delicacy of the bottle. "Ah!" he cried, "my wife always says that I am a heathen, and have no religion. I have now entered into the very heart of it, and most delicious it is." He again had recourse to the episcopal corkscrew, and after a long draught, drawing his breath, he exclaimed, "I hope my wife will never call me a heathen after this!"

On the Quai de Tournelles seven cannon balls struck the houses. They were fired from the Place de Grève to disperse the people assembled on the Pont de la Cité and the adjoining quays. One eight pound shot entered the first floor of a house, and carried off the two legs of a lady lying in bed. Another passed through the shop of a Marchand de Vin, where eight people were sitting at a table, swept all the glasses off in the midst of them, and without injuring any one, took about a yard's length of stone from the corner of the room. The people have suspended the bullet in the front of the shop, with the following inscription—"Orange de Charles X., ou dernier témoignage de l'amour paternel."

On seeing the almost miraculous dispatch with which the paving stones left their peaceable destination to strengthen those formidable, and as it turned out, impregnable barriers, thrown up by the people, a foreigner, who watched their work, exclaimed, "This reminds one of the text, but here I see the comment, 'The very stones in the streets shall rise up in judgment against them.'"

During the attack on the Hotel de Ville, when the banks of the Seine echoed with discharges of cannon and musketry, an elderly humourist was seen with great tranquillity fishing near the baths of Vigier. On being advised to relinquish his sport on that day at least, he coolly remarked, "They are making such a cursed noise yonder, that the very fish are frightened; I have not had a bite these two hours!"

A young man, erroneously said to be one of the Polytechnic School, was killed in one of the apartments of the Tuileries. His body was respectfully taken up by those whom he had led to victory, deposited on the Throne, and covered with pieces of crape gathered up by chance. Here it remained until the brother and other members of the family of the deceased came to recognise and remove his remains.



## The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

### ANCIENT MILL.

A FINE specimen of a "querne," or hand-mill, as used in ancient times, was dug up some time since, in a field south of the Eden, Fifeshire; and about three feet from the surface. The diameter of the stones may be fifteen inches, the upper one being granite, and the lower sunk trap or whinstone. There is one hole pretty deep on the upper convex surface, at about four inches distance, by a gash or cleft, as if an axe had been used in the formation. From the size of these stones being very small and portable, it is not at all improbable that they are Roman.

W. G. C.

### TOLERATION.

JAROSLOF, Prince of Novogorod, demanded assistance from the inhabitants of Pleskof, against the city of Riga, lately built, which he wished to attack and destroy. Having some alliance with the menaced people, they answered the prince, who endeavoured to persuade them to join him:—"Thou art prudent, thou knowest that all men are brothers, christians and infidels, we are all of the same family. It is not necessary to make war upon those who do not participate in our creed, nor to assume to ourselves the punishment of their errors, it is much wiser to live in peace with them. Then they will cherish our mildness and our virtues; they will be affected by them; and from the friendship they will conceive, will pass to a love of our religion."

### MORLAND.

THE following is a copy of some original lines by George Morland, the celebrated artist, which are in the possession of his brother, H. Morland, and which I saw at his house, in Dean-street:—

*Lines on a picture of his wife,\* by G. Morland.*

IN the choice of a husband this shall be the plan

I intend to pursue ere I wed,

To meet with a prudent and sensible man,

Who can govern and sometimes be led.

GEO. ST. CLAIR.

\* Her name was Nancy Ward, sister to the present academican of that name.

### ODDITIES,

(From Swift's Letters.)

It is with religion as with paternal affection; some profligate wretches may forget it, and some, through perverse thinking, not see any reason for it; but the bulk of mankind will love their children.

It is with men as with beauties: if they pass the flower, they lie neglected for ever.

Courtiers resemble gamesters: the latter finding new arts unknown to the older.

*A Levee.*—I peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting and two streets were full of coaches.

*After dinner.*—We were to do more business *after dinner*; but after dinner is after dinner; an old saying and a true, much drinking, little thinking.

Monday is parson's holiday.

*Lenten Dinner.*—I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish.

*Boiling Oysters.*—Lord Masham made me go home with him to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled thus in their own liquor, and not mixed with water.

*The Mohocks in 1711-12.*—A race of rakes that play the devil about London every night, slit people's noses, and beat them.

A worse prince than King John scarcely, ever disgraced the English throne; and the historian may save himself the odious task (it has been observed) of drawing up his character, by referring to the annals of his life, as son, uncle, and king, by a contemporary writer, who says, "*Hell felt herself defiled by his admission.*"

### ERRATA.

Two vexatious typographical errors appeared in our last Number:—In Dean Swift's Epitaph, page 298, for *unitare*, read *imitare*; and for *sevi*, read *sava*.—At page 299, the quotation from Sir Walter Scott respecting Marley Abbey, should end at the word "*distance.*" What follows, "*during the past year,*" &c., is our correspondent's N. R.

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